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Chapter 1 by Brent

The creak and slam of a door followed by the mechanical clanks and snaps of what sounded to be locks on the outside. That's when I first came to.

After that there was silence. Pure silence and darkness. The kind of darkness that makes you wonder whether you have your eyes closed or not. And that smell... I won't forget *that* smell. The smell of iron... blood. The room bedewed by an oppressive dampness.

As quick as these thoughts were, came the pain. Everywhere. Felt as though every bone in my body was stretching, growing too fast for the rest of my body to keep up. My head, splitting.

Then... nothing.

...

In my slumber I remember feeling so thirsty. So god damn thirsty.

"Wake up." My eyes flicker open to the sound of a mature, strangely accentuated voice. "You

shouldn't be sleeping."

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Warms of light split the dark, cold air between the blankets and the floor in front of me. A cool hand on my shoulder. "You should be sleeping," he says again. "It's late."

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"Who's there? Hel-", I'm cut off once again by the same creak, slam, clanks and snaps.

I grasp the bowl with both hands and, without a thought, take a long swig of the warm, thick liquid. Coughing and spluttering, my mind rejects it but my body craves more. And more.

How did I end up here?

The year was 1838, I was studying medicine. Typhus was increasing its grip on the poor and poverty stricken. Each year in London alone, thousands of deaths were being recorded. This year in particular had over 18,000 deaths attributed to the affliction, just within London.

My professor and I - we were making breakthroughs. Not just with typhus but generally speaking, we wanted a cure and prophylaxis for all diseases. The greater medical community viewed our research as 'unethical' but soon enough, we'd conduct a trial.

Where did we go wrong?

December 1838 - Oxford

Bach's Cello Suite No. 1 soaks up the room. My favourite, rudely interrupted.

FLETCHER!

"Fletcher, you must see this!"

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 20 (1 draft)

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